

Letter from Alexander Graham Bell to Mabel Hubbard Bell, April 2, 1908, with transcript

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL TO MABEL (Hubbard) BELL New Steuben House, Hammondsport, N. Y. April 2, 1908. My darling little wife:

I wish you knew how much I have been touched by your editorial about Mr. Hitz — every one who reads it will know that it comes straight from the heart . It is just what I wanted to say — but could not.

Mr. Hitz' death, although by no means unexpected, has come to me as a shock; and I not only feel dazed and stupified by the suddenness of it — even yet — but I feel again that overwhelming feeling the realization of the uncertainty of human life. My death or Charlie's would upset all my intentions for the Volta Bureau, and I have a feverish anxiety to have the affairs of the Volta Bureau permanently settled without any further delay. I hope to consult with Mr. Lynn in a day or two and then we can have proper papers drawn for signature, and call a special meeting of the Board of Directors to receive the property.

If the boys don't want me tomorrow I may run up to Rochester to see Lyon and Westervelt. I want everything settled NOW .

What in all the world have I done to hurt the feelings of Prof. and Mrs. Grosvenor? I have noticed that neither Bert nor Elsie had come to me in the afternoon for a good many days past— but had supposed the presence of Prof. and Mrs. Grosvenor a sufficient reason. I have wanted 2 Bert especially during the past crisis in the affairs of the Bureau but I do not think I have had the chance of talking to him once about the matter. I little suspected that he and Elsie were nursing a spirit of resentment for something I am supposed to have done to hurt the feelings of dear Mr. and Mrs. Grosvenor. I only know that I am entirely unconscious of what it is all about. Just as I was rushing off to catch the train last night —

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Elsie came to me looking like a fury and said that I had insulted Mr. and Mrs. Grosvenor or something like that. There was no time for proper explanations and as it was, I almost lost my train. What it all means I do not know — I am as innocent as a new born babe of having given offense to any one — far less to them — and my loving Elsie's tigerish look at her father gave me a great shock. I know of no cause for it and of no excuse for it even and only wish I knew something that could excuse it for I love my little girl, I love Bert and I love his father and mother and would not give them pain for all the world.

Your loving, Alec.